THE VOICE OF THE ORIENT

Not to-day is the Hindu religion in outward seeming what it once was. Seldom do the Gods appear in the open temples, never do celestial voices ring from the skies, nor flowers from on high descend upon the earth.

No longer do proud emperors prostrate before the brahman. No Avatar for many centuries has trodden the Sacred Land. Only through travail in anguish could the mighty mother become the Saviour of the World. Only by the scything of Kurukshetra,* through bloody sweat and agony of invasion, could she fulfil the Law of Sacrifice which has made her the Mother of the Earth.

For scarcely to-day can one find a western tale of serious motive untouched by her influence, unimpinged by her thought. When an emissary of the Ancient Wisdom appears in modern London, hundreds are turned hungrily from crowded halls. The Anglo-Saxon race seems at last to have described its descending arc of evolution. It is on the return journey of involution. At last in our

generation it rises to its original level. Its face is set towards the Rising Sun. It seeks its primeval home.

* The Kshattiya (warrior) caste was cut to pieces on the Field of Kurukshetra.